

MAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITEHEAD.

Beyond the bright greenness of the woods,
Unto the misty, mountain solitudes,
Has April's shadow sweet and changeable mood,
But in the folded buds and leaves, and higher,
Where the small birds in the fir tree's spire,
Through all the world there breathes a soft desire.

A mystic influence broods o'er hidden things;
The caterpillar, in his dewy rings,
Dreams purple pictures of his future wings.

A sweet prescience fills the intense,
Clear air. The brooks hang in suspense
Among the rocks. The small grass feels a sense
Of the life that is to come.

Prophecy of a joy most strange and dear,
For, lo! May lifts the door-latch of the year!

Deep out of sight, where earth's great mystery lies
Shut up within her heart forever, lies
A thrill along the unseen arteries.

Within the tangled roots of beech and lime,
The sweet sap pulsates as they kindly climb,
And sprout their tasselled greenness ere its time.

Along the stream the whispering rushes say
To one another, in their little bay,
Brought in the sunshine of a dearer day.

And to the sweet-breathed violets that blow
An azure tinge to their silver flow,
The garrulous ripples tattle as they go.

Sick with desire, the lily bells turn pale;
The wondering cowslips peep from every vale;
And pause stand on tiptoe through the vale.

The amorous loughs bend toward her, far and near,
While May stands in the doorway of the year.

At her charmed coming, at the far South, where
It lingers for her bidding calm and fair,
The sunshine flows through all the happy air.

Aerial arches of the sunset dyes
O'er the enchantment of her presence rise,
And span the glory of the bending skies.

Now roll the minutes to the golden hour,
And now the full fruition of the flower:
Now lo! the sun on his bright crown and power.

From the low casement of the cottage roof,
To the far distance where the rim hills loom,
The lengths of meadow lands burst into bloom.

A hundred brooks, down-leaping like they hung,
And, meeting mad, with many a silver tongue,
Sing sweetest songs than ever yet were sung.

The birds alight their welcome, blithe and clear,
While May comes through the doorway of the year.

MY PERIL AND ESCAPE.

I was a very bold and fearless girl, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety. We lived in a large, old house, built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the south, and the two large parlors looked to the east and west. The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west end back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the east end back was the dairy and another porch. There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the center. We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and given God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove around to the front door on the southern side.

It was a summer day, and warm, bright, and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast a merry party came riding down the lane in carriages and on horseback, and yelling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and readily answered that they would soon be ready. It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold-fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it and putting it into another bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He headed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beautiful and rich dress, that so became her.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning off the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriage. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him something to eat. Of course I said yes, and soon had him a substantial lunch of bread and cheese, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsy and Hannah were busy hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening. They talked gaily about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on the top, and the thin hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead, and large mouth, with a receding chin, where grew a stubby beard of grizzly black, like his hair. I don't know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and lid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him, when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features. He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal, and risen to go. He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two. He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day, I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them. I expected my

father and mother soon after 8 o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain. Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled sullenly. He took the covered wagon and old gray, and, before he stepped in, said:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would you not rather that I should wait until your father comes?"

"Oh, no, Thomas, I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother home every moment. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors, because he told me to, for otherwise I would not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went to the east parlor, and looked to the south, but the sudden lightning-up of the sky and the falling darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with natural vanity, for I was young, and fair enough to look upon.

I let my hair fall loose, and wound it in long, shining curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell. There came a great flash of lightning, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in at the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved. The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward the table that stood near the window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water-pitcher and looked in, and then took my candle and went toward the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth, and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room up the front stairs into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the top of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out the bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about in the dark. There was a sliding-panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it, and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not closed tightly. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought that every bound must be audible; heard voices—one voice, the raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing. The face had revealed all to me. The man must have learned in some unaccountable way of the bag of gold, and learned, too, when here in the morning, that I was to be alone. It was all plain to me now. He had returned and had brought accomplices. My peril was terribly imminent. Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish plainly the words that were spoken:

"Dm! her! she must have seen you."
"No matter; we'll split the box open with this ax."
I knew the ax was in the little porch. Thomas had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me. I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separately. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it; for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the raven, "and we'll soon have her."
"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."
But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming.

"Come," croaked the raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something."
"Curse the silver. It's gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"
A cold perspiration. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! then the rats will squeak. Down drop the money bags, and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."
"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him? He's only one; a bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in."
"And his wife."

They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go. They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling; I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the lane and meet my father. I would

save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly. I lifted myself cautiously on the window ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry tree which grew close to the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground, safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The raven's voice shrieked hoarsely: "There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to throw them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided slowly by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths, and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider-press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hillside, over the fields. No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars and let them down. It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly. I stood in the road and cried: "Father! father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise stopped also. It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child. Good heavens! What is the matter! What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger, because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father, I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place. My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on and came to our gates under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all was still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said he.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoiter then a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool-house. They went all around the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's, and my frame trembling with fright.

"Thomas is coming!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us. He drove through and called out:

"What's the matter?"

We told him sufficiently, and he left Betsy and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip. We did not wait long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found? Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed, and we all went in. Father said calmly:

"We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look around out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved. In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrades who fell in the well, had shot him through the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was uglier. It was the raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped. I was never left at home again alone.—*English Magazine.*

Russia Well Prepared for War.

Russia, says an exchange, goes into this war better prepared than she was in the Crimean days. Her army is stronger, better organized, and better armed. She can now transport her troops and supplies by railroads, instead of conveying them in wagons a thousand miles, as she did then. This time she has the sentiment of the whole civilized world in her favor. The massacres and atrocities of the Turks are as familiar as household words, the world over. The English press has printed the details for a year past, and the Russian press has copied them; and the charges have been urged with so much force that almost every power in Europe has taken cognizance of them and called the attention of the Porte to them. The Turk is damned in the estimation of all civilized mankind, not only for his cruelty and barbarity, but for his determined opposition to Western civilization in all its phases. The animus to rid Europe of his presence has never been so strong before.

Sound Asleep.

A young man in Dubuque, Iowa, went to a country dance the other night, and did not return to his home until the church bells were ringing the next morning. His father told him he must go to meeting, and he went. Before the minister had finished the opening prayer he was sound asleep and dreaming of the dance. An old lady who sat next to him touched his hand to arouse him, whereupon he seized her wrist, and shouted, "All join hands and circle to the left. Swing the girl with the blue dress on."

IN THE SPRING-TIME.

What are the dearest treasures of the spring?
The rosy haze that veils the forest bare;
The vague, sweet fragrance in the balmy air;
The twitter of the swallows on the wing;

The tender beauty of the waving light;
The tears in lilies' eyes;
The golden sunshine in the changeful skies;
The softened brightness of the starlit night;

The freshening emerald of the blade grass;
The sparkle of the myriad-dimpled sea;
The rush of mountain brooks, once more set free;
The sense of early bloom so soon to pass—

These are most fair, but more than these to me
The waking memories of the vanished years,
Tender regrets, grown dim with many tears,
And sorrows softened like a rainy sea;

Swift recollections of forgotten bliss,
Thrilling the heart with dreams of joy again,
An ecstasy of pleasure shot with pain,
As when the sunbeams and the rain-drops kiss

Reluctant hopes, that come like knowledge white,
Than all her bloomings of happier days,
Filling the heart with tremulous amazement,
That hardly dares to call itself delight—

These are the dearest treasures of the spring:
These are the flowers the heart perceives more fair
Than all her bloomings of happier days,
Than all her birds of bright and restless wing.

—Harper's Magazine for May.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Why is a man who runs in debt like a clock?—Because he goes on tick.

A cake of new maple sugar in the hand is worth two in the "bush."

Why is a young spendthrift like the letter "y"?—Because he makes pay.

Why is your nose like the "v" in civility?—Because it is between two little (eyes).

Why is an anecdote-book like a book-seller's shop?—Because it contains many authors.

Why is the letter "d" like a wedding-ring?—Because we could not be wed without it.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire?—Because the sooner it is put out the better.

Why is an Irishman mending his clothes like a rich man?—Because he is taking in his rents.

Why is the letter "a" like loud speaking to a lady full of hearing?—Because it makes her hear.

"Why is a lady's belt like a garbage cart?" Because it goes round and gathers in the waist.

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room?—Because there is not a single person in it.

The first event of importance that happened in a Rochester household after the introduction of blue glass was twins.

The foolish man will ask a woman if her baby is not a trifle cross-eyed, but the wise man will make his inquiries by postal card.

Dresses are to be tied back tighter than ever this year. If a husband kicks his wife on the shin the bruise will be plain to the public eye.

Some of the New England grocers are giving away iron boot-jacks with every purchase of a cheese. Wouldn't a club or a mail kill 'em better?

A Western editor publishes a poem which "was written by an esteemed friend, who has him in the grave many years merely for his own amusement."

Children are sent into the world to teach us how lovely angels are; but when a man finds himself pasted to the seat of a chair by piece of spruce gum he never thinks of this.

People who contend that the country must return to the simplicity of our forefathers had better lead the way by eating Johnny-cake, and having a hind patch put on their pants.

And she so cool and practical,
Thus wrote him in reply:
"I see you write about a kiss,
And lying down to die;
Baths in hot water, love, your feet,
Crushed ice put on your head;
And then a mild cathartic take—
And go right straight to bed."

The "Husband's Mutual Protection Society" of Michigan, has recently struggled with the question of the best way to avoid having a fuss with the wife, and announce that getting over a six-rail fence ahead of her is the safest.

"Some confounded idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man, the other day, as he searched about the desk. "Ah, um, yes! I thought so!" he exclaimed in a lower key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

You can utilize your cake of maple sugar, if you find there is too much sand in it to make molasses of, by putting it in a neat frame of cardboard, or some kind of fancy work, in bright colors, and hanging up against the wall to light matches on. It never wears out.

"Do you really believe, Mr. Podkins, that anybody could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am, I should think they might," said Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butter plate. "Somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

An intelligent Burlington hunting dog, that had a rather busy time last season, went down to a tin-shop one day last week and had his hind legs and back plated with sheet-iron. And now when he sees his master looking at the gun he smiles and remarks that he is ready to hunt in front of the best fancy shot in Burlington.

Grasshopper Exterminator.
Mr. J. S. Flory, of Greeley, is the inventor of a patent grasshopper machine that promises to be a success in gathering them in. A reel drives them on a revolving platform, which passes between a pair of rollers and crushes the "hoppers. Now, if those who get machines and catch large quantities of hoppers will utilize the beasts by drying them, as the Indians do, they may make a better thing catching "hoppers than raising crops. There is no kind of food more eagerly sought by all kinds of poultry than grasshoppers; and, if any of the inventions to catch them by wholesale succeed, we may soon see them quoted in our markets at the head of the list of chicken feed, and eggs will not be selling at 40 cents a dozen. Judge Brazee, who is a chicken farmer in a small way, tried the effect of grasshoppers and a patent nest on a young pullet last season. Some days he gathered over a dozen eggs. That ambitious biddy laid herself gray-headed before she was out of pullet-age.—*Denver News.*

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world.

HOPMAN'S HOP PILLS CURE THE AGUE.

Mr. Diogenes.

This singular man lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For example, he took a lantern one day when the sun was shining brightly and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuating that such persons were exceedingly scarce. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to "get out of his sunshine." To cap the climax of his badness, he dressed like a beggar, and carried a tub! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife, first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman would take kindly to one of his habits, dress or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," it is true, but the woman who would live in a tub, and especially with such a companion, has not been heard from. The misanthropic spirit which possessed this man was doubtless due to disordered digestion and a biliousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposition. The tongue is heavily coated, giving rise to a bad taste, the appetite is not good, and the patient feels dull, sleepy or dizzy, and is apt to be fretful. Unfortunately, Mr. Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets were invented, a few doses of which would have relieved him of his "bile," and enabled him to find scores of "honest men" without the aid of his lantern. Under their magic influence, combined with that of the Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse his blood, he might have been led to take a more cheerful view of life, to exchange his tub for a decent habitation, to "spruce up" in personal appearance, and at last have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners, both of which were in evident need of repairs, and become the happy sire of little Diogeneses who would have handed down to posterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher, but of a cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man!

Going Back to Specie Prices.

The Palmer House, Chicago, the largest and finest hotel in the world, containing over 700 rooms (and the only fire-proof house in America), has reduced the price to Three Dollars per day for all rooms above the parlor floor, except parlors and rooms with baths.

Lord Lambert Frise, Baronet, in his interesting book of travels, entitled "Two Americas," speaks thus:

"We put up at the Palmer House Hotel, Chicago, Ill., without any exception the best conducted, and most comfortable 'one I ever saw in America.' The reception-rooms were almost regal; the bedrooms were simply the perfection of comfort, each having a handsome marble bath in a small chamber attached to them; the cuisine was excellent; and liberal; attendance the best I have ever seen; and the charges not a bit higher than 'the tariff at any ordinary first-class house.'"

When the entire country has received a shock from the recent hotel horror, the public should be informed that there is at least one hotel in America which is absolutely and unquestionably fire-proof, stone, iron, marble and concrete being used in its construction, instead of wood, and plaster. This fire-proof palace belongs to the owner and proprietor, Mr. Potter Palmer, \$750,000 more than a house built with the ordinary combustible materials.

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It is a fact widely and amply attested that where the powerful and pernicious drug, quinine, and other mineral poisons, administered as remedies for fever and ague and bilious results, fail to yield more than temporary relief to the sufferer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters scotches those tremendous epidemics most thoroughly, and by strengthening the system and regulating its functions, protects it against malarial attacks. No resident of a locality where the above maladies prevail, or where they are likely to break out in consequence of the poisoning of the atmosphere by noxious exhalations, should fail to take practical cognizance of the above important truth, and by a timely use of the Bitters, avoid the ravages of malarial so disastrous to the physical constitution. There is not in existence a finer tonic, corrective and defensive cordial.

A New French Revolution.

According to Emmeline Raymond, the Paris fashion correspondent of Harper's Bazar, we are on the eve of a revolution; but it will, in all probability, be bloodless, and one that American ladies will hail with joy. We refer to the description of a new costume (see Bazar, of March 31), which renders crinolines indispensable. Not the discarded styles of former days, but sensible, small-sized, elegant skirts; flat in the back; admirably adapted to sustain the new Princess and Gabrielle robes. We learn from various sources that this new Paris fashion is superseding all others.—*Lady's Journal.*

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